

The Times-Dispatch

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SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1908.

How it strengthens the poor human spirit in its reliance on God's providence, to ascend but a little way above the common level, and so attain a somewhat wider glimpse of the dealings with mankind. He doeth all things right!—Hawthorne.

THE ROADS OF MECKLENBURG.

The good roads of Mecklenburg county, N. C., have long been an object-lesson to citizens of other States, and the work there done has been a stimulus to similar work elsewhere. The Roanoke county Civic Improvement League of Virginia recently sent a committee to Mecklenburg to take note of its good roads and to inquire into the methods employed in building them. The report of the committee is published in the Industrial Section of to-day's Times-Dispatch, and should be carefully read and studied by the members of the General Assembly. The work was done by co-operation between the county and the city of Charlotte, and each has received equal benefits. All told, Mecklenburg county has completed to date something over 200 miles of well-built macadamized roads, embracing fifteen lines diverging from the centre, and ranging in length from six to twenty-two miles, with numerous cross lines and laterals in addition, and the work is progressing at the rate of fifteen miles a year.

To raise the necessary money, a special tax of one-fourth of 1 per cent. is levied on all taxable property in city and county, which produces a road fund of approximately \$100,000 a year. In addition, however, the county gets 35 cents on each poll and a pro rata from the general State fund amounting to approximately \$23,000. The tax rate, including county and State, is only \$2.16 per hundred.

As a result of the improvement, taxable values have been increased \$2,000,000 in the county alone, and the merchants of Charlotte declare that the city has derived even more benefit than the county.

But that is not all. To say nothing of the convenience of good roads, of the joy which they add to life in the country, the farmer can now haul from eight to ten bales of cotton on a wagon, whereas, under the old system of muddy roads, two bales made a load.

The Mecklenburg-Charlotte plan will probably be adopted by Roanoke county and Roanoke city and by Pittsylvania county and Danville. It has been tested and proven.

"AFTER ME THE DELUGE."

Such discount as the individual thinks proper may be made from Frank S. Black's comments upon the administration made at an address in Boston the other night. Such impugning of his motives may be adduced as the former Governor's political biography seems to justify. Yet facts are facts, and just criticism remains just, no matter who utters it. Two sentences stand out in Mr. Black's arraignment. One is: "If no crime has been committed it is immoral to charge it; if crime has been committed why not punish it?" The other is: "It will be a sad day for the American people if they discard the words, 'In God We Trust,' and adopt the motto, 'After me the deluge.'"

Mr. Joseph H. Choate's challenge to the President to name the dishonest men in high places whom he so tirelessly assails remains unanswered. But the point which that challenge embodies can scarcely be so evaded. An answer is due to the country. An answer is due to the honest men in high places, who must now remain under the cloud of suspicion. But instead of names and instances, there comes from the White House, as most of us have observed, only a formless and embittered railing, which has injured the moral standing of this country around the world. Mr. Eliott Gary's statement that the reiterated platitudes have heightened his sense of personal responsibility is hailed by the administration's embarrassed partisans as evidence that these railings have wrought benefit. We submit that it is nothing of the sort. Mr. Gary's statement is the declaration of an honest man, sincerely anxious to do his duty. It is not such that have made the country suffer and now require uplift or punishment. The surgeon's knife is for the sick, not the well. The note of true moral reform is to call, not the righteous, but sinners to repentance. No, the net result of all the language and blood-curling threats, all the rumpus and hullabaloo, is an ab-

surd fine, which nobody pretends to think is ever going to be collected. Terrible, but vague, charges against nameless persons, sinister offenses exonerated but not punished, a ferocious propaganda of reform which does not reform—what is the underlying and controlling thought? One suggestion alone persistently emerges. That is "my policies." The country, we are given to understand, is in a dreadful condition—so dreadful, in short, that the party in power will be compelled to answer for it next November at the polls. Is the idea now that we are to be pummeled into believing that only my policies can save us; that we must embrace my candidate, or else Mr. and that if we decline to embrace either—why, then, stand ready for the deluge?

A LOSS TO RICHMOND.

The resignation of Mr. S. H. Huff as general manager of the street car systems of this city, to accept the presidency of the Coney Island and Brooklyn Railway Company, is a distinct loss to the people of this section of Virginia.

By their honest and straightforward methods and intelligent management of the affairs of the company under their control, Mr. Huff and Mr. Northrup have made a new record, and have set an example for public service corporations.

Mr. Huff carries with him the best wishes of the citizens of Richmond, none of whom will feel his departure more than the employees of the company which he has so ably and faithfully served.

HETTY GREEN.

Mrs. Hetty Howland Robinson Green, at 72, retains all her pristine vigor and shrewdness. Industrious, clever, close-calculating, bold, she never has to ask, as a great railroad magnate once asked, "Where do I stand?" Hetty Green knows where she stands. Probably no other living person in America is so sure of his (or her) footing as she. Back of her convictions she has the courage of them, and back of both she has a full stock of money. It is no wonder that she has stood for years as the first woman financier of this country, and the peer of most of the men.

In an interview given out on Friday she makes some interesting statements. Before the panic came, she saw the handwriting on the wall, and there was a lot of it. "The solid men of the Street" began calling on her, speaking of houses and corner lots which they had to proffer for cash. The New York Central dropped in and "quietly negotiated for a big loan." Putting two and two together and looking this way and that, Mrs. Green perceived that something was in the wind. Instead of putting out money, she called it in. She gathered in all the "real money" she could put her hands on. Consequently, when the storm broke, she was riding quietly at anchor inside the lagoon. "I had money," she says, tersely. "The others had their inflated securities." Instantly, they rushed to her, "in droves," she says, thirsting to barter their commodity for hers. Six per cent. was all she asked them, though she feels sure that she might have gotten 10. She is probably right, as usual. Harry Payne Whitney got \$1,000,000 of her funds. Some of "them" got nothing at all. Among these were the Vanderbilts. The Vanderbilts offered the famous family crown jewels, but all in vain. "I do not deal in diamonds," remarks Mrs. Green. America's richest woman believes that "ultimately prosperity will return," but she cannot name the day. We have no specific information, but probably the recent more or less violent eclipse of prosperity netted her rather a tidy thing. If it did, she deserved it. Men and women who think for themselves and who back their judgment with their dollars, are fully entitled to the fruits of their enterprise.

CURING DRUNKARDS.

Alderman Ellett's ordinance to appoint a "probation officer," whose duty it shall be to investigate all alleged confirmed drunkards and report the results of his investigations to the Police Justice, seems to us to be a wise measure. But it does not go far enough. The city and the Associated Charities should unite and co-operate in an endeavor to cure the drunkards. Such a work would be in the interest of economy, for drunkenness is at the bottom of much of the poverty and misery that the city and the charity organizations are called upon to relieve. The Associated Charities of Boston is giving special attention to this department of its work. It seems improvement in 40 per cent. of the cases dealt with, many of those reformed being men between thirty and fifty years of age, and it may be remarked parenthetically that one of the agencies employed is "mental healing."

The society reaches the conclusion that the city should abandon its present futile efforts to reform drunkards by giving them brief terms at Deer Island, and apply more scientific methods of curing them under expert treatment.

It will be observed that Boston is dealing with drunkenness not as a moral question, but as a disease—a curable disease. That is the proper way for every city to treat it. Aside from all moral considerations, it is cheaper to cure drunkenness than to pay the cost of its evil consequences.

CHRISTIAN PSYCHOLOGY.

Christian psychology, a new cult, which we understand to be a variation of Christian Science, is soon to have a trial at Christ Episcopal Church, New York, of which Dr. George Alexander Strong is rector. The high priests in charge of the work will be Rev. Dr. Elwood Worcester and his first assistant, Rev. Dr. Samuel Macomb, of Emanuel Episcopal Church, Boston. Noon services will be held at Christ Church during Lent, and the cures will be tested at that hour each day. This does not mean, it is given out, that Christ Church parish commits itself to the new cult, but simply that the rec-

tor has sufficient faith in the new method to permit his fellow clergymen to use the church for a week to tell their story.

It appears that Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, Philadelphia's famous physician and writer, is primarily responsible for the scheme.

"The scheme was first suggested to me," explains Dr. Worcester, "by Dr. Mitchell, viz., the combining of the two greatest powers of modern times—real religion and genuine science—in order to bring them to bear on a person at one and the same time. In the work we accept the Christian religion as revealed in the New Testament. With that we combine the best scientific help that is obtainable—specialists in neurology, and in all other lines, for we require diagnosis of ailments."

Only functional nervous disorders are treated, and in all cases patients must be sent to the healers by physicians. All treatment is absolutely free. Rewards are neither asked nor accepted. "All modern theory," says Dr. Worcester, in conclusion, "is opposed to the idea that body and soul are two distinct things, to be treated without reference to each other. Clergymen should no longer attempt to deal with men as if they were disembodied spirits, and physicians should no longer treat patients as if they were mere animal organisms."

Dr. Mitchell, who inspired Dr. Worcester, has made a specialty of the treatment of nervous diseases, and years ago originated the famous "rest cure," from which many nervous men and women have derived great benefit. If they have not been permanently cured. The treatment consists in putting the patient to bed, feeding him on milk, and exercising his muscles by massage and intermittent electric shocks. The patient must also have absolute rest of mind, but there is no treatment of the "soul," to our knowledge.

After making a fortune and a world-wide reputation in the practice of medicine, Dr. Mitchell took to writing romances. We do not know which profession he was practicing when he made his now famous suggestion to Dr. Worcester.

STATE BOARD OF CHARITIES.

It is very gratifying to The Times-Dispatch that the Montague bill to create a State Board of Charities has been ordered to its engrossment by the House. It is a wise and benevolent measure, and it should pass both branches without opposition.

A citizen of Virginia, who has given his life to the care of the afflicted, and who is an expert in his line, recently wrote a private letter to The Times-Dispatch on this subject, in the course of which he says:

"I am more and more convinced that such a board is needed in this State, and that it will accomplish a great deal of good in all humane and correctional institutions, and it would be a source of education to the public in general, to higher and better ideas. It is infinitely better than the so-called 'inspector plan.' One has been tried and proven efficient, and the other is an untried thing, an experiment. I don't think Virginia has money to be experimenting along such lines. It has been truly said, 'that when an institution objects to being inspected, even frequently, that is good grounds for thinking that such institution needs searching inspection.'"

The General Assembly will make no mistake to follow the guidance of this man. He is sincere, and he knows.

"CAST OUT AND FOUND."

(Selected for The Times-Dispatch.)
 "Jesus heard that they had cast him out, and when He had found him He said unto him, Dost thou believe on the son of God?"—John, ix, 35.

One of those casual meetings—as we call them—had thrown this man in the way of Jesus. For "as Jesus passed by"—from a scene of rebuke and blasphemy and intended violence—"He saw a man which was blind from his birth." Viewed on the one side, it was a chance meeting; on the other, it was the bringing of a spoiled life and blinded soul into God's presence.

And great results had followed. By an act of mercy the blind man had received his sight. This miracle could not be ignored. But it only stirred up greater violence against Christ and His friends. The priests therefore sent for the man, and finding all attempts to intimidate the witness fail, he paid the penalty of his honest boldness by being formally excommunicated. "They cast him out."

"Jesus heard that they had cast him out." When all else was lost Jesus found him, and he found Jesus. How true it is that what men have cast out, that Jesus finds!

There is something very fascinating in the good opinions of others. It makes life very smooth. Many things may go against a man; fortune may be tickle, health precarious, home comforts few, ambitious hopes disappointed, heart's wishes mortified or crushed. Still, if men still speak well of him there is much left; the storms of life have merely driven him in.

But take another case. A man has done wrong. Self-confidence and vanity and careless living have ended (as they end every day) in a dreadful fall. And the world cries, Shame! He goes forth into the wilderness alone; men cast him out. Whatever the cause or the manner of the nature of the casting out, that is the condition most favorable to the finding by the Saviour.

There is around all of us, by nature, a thick and massive coat of pride and self-esteem. It is easy to declaim upon the duty of humility, the loveliness of a lowly spirit, or the beauty of a character divested of self. But the very person who so speaks rarely puts it into practice. The veiling of pride, the disguising of pride, the limiting and moderation and coining of pride, is not easy for any man. The putting off of pride, the eradication of pride, the burning out of pride from the heart, is quite another thing, done perhaps by few, and then imperfectly, bitterly and by slow degrees. Nevertheless, it

must always be in proportion to this divestiture of pride that Jesus Christ finds a man. A man may be cast out and yet not found, for even the reproach of the world may foster pride.

But ponder with thankfulness the fact that when a man is cast out Christ is nearest. In proportion as you are divested of self-esteem and feel your own poverty and blindness, you are that much nearer to Christ.

"When Jesus found him, He said unto him, Dost thou believe on the Son of God?" "Thou"—the word is emphatic in the original—"thou—be-leavest thou?" We are glad to escape into the crowd. But a day is coming in which nothing but an individual faith will carry with it strength or comfort.

Christ opened the eyes; He came in quest; He found; He spoke, and His question was, "Dost thou believe on the Son of God?" Just that—nothing more!

When Thou sayest, "Dost thou believe?" give me grace, O Lord, to answer with this poor blind man, "Lord, I believe," and to worship as he did!

The Post boasts that there are no hard times in Washington. Why should there be? Uncle Sam's pay rolls never grow less; his army of employees is never reduced, nor wages scaled. Washington is very lucky to have such a rich and generous boss as Uncle Sam.

One of the most serious faults of the Democratic party is that its leaders, its press, and even its rank and file cannot agree upon anything—Tazewell Republican.

Will our contemporary print the list of subjects upon which the Republicans are agreed?

After thinking over the matter with great and serious carefulness, we can suggest no way in which unhappy marital relations and divorce can be prevented as long as the supply of Richmond's little star-eyed blondes remains so abundantly short of the overwhelming demand.

As a mark of signal honor, the corporation of the city of London is going to give Florence Nightingale the freedom of the city. We have no information how the lady regards the matter, but personally we should rather have the money.

Another convicted malefactor has been released on a technicality. Sinister offenders and others who are in jail and wish to get out have only to select a technicality and sit upon it in a firm, assured manner. Tech will do the rest.

"Is mince pie a crime?" demands the Charleston News and Courier. The South Carolina kind is, without extenuating circumstances. The Old Virginia mince pie, on the contrary, is a doloxy.

The Prince de Formosa has just been expelled from France as an undesirable citizen by Premier Clemenceau. It is hardly necessary to remind his highness that more appreciative society always awaits him in Newport, R. I.

A great wind swept Texas on Friday, blowing buildings and people in heavy swarms before it. Suspicion, of course, instantly attaches to the Houston Post.

Those several contemporaries who are claiming the eminence of Martin Littleton for their respective States are hereby directed to quit it. Mr. Littleton's eminence belongs wholly to Harry Thaw's state of mind.

The Atlanta Georgian, having involved the author of "Fables in Slang" in the '99 model lemon-Ade joke, is reminded to the custody of the New York Mail and the Nashville American pending trial at the hands of its peers.

The ever-esteemed Bristol Herald-Courier says that one difference between Bryan and Lincoln is that Bryan says something when he talks. Yes, he does; and he also says something when they talk.

In Assyria, as we remarked before, a woman is required to keep absolute silence for three days after her wedding. We assume that there are a great many unmarried ladies in those parts.

The Louisville Courier-Journal has applied "vociferous and vacuous" to Senator Davis. Before the rush begins, we file notice that we intend to reserve "volatle and voluminous" for John Wesley Gaines.

Pierpont Morgan has been mentioned, with seriousness, as a candidate for the presidency. We understand that all George W. Perkins stands solidly behind him.

For a country populated exclusively by gelatine-spined shrimps and mammons of unrighteousness, the United States of America manages to humplalong fair to middling.

Henry Cabot Lodge would doubtless make a lot more ruckus but for the fact that he is temporarily lost in the presidential tall timber.

STOPPED SHORT.

Taking Tonics, and Built up on Right Food.

The mistake is frequently made of trying to build up a worn-out nervous system on so-called tonics—drugs. New material from which to rebuild wasted nerve cells, is what should be supplied, and this can be obtained only from proper food.

"Two years ago I found myself on the verge of complete nervous collapse, due to overwork and study, and to illness in the family," writes a Wis. young mother.

"I grew pale and thin and could not sleep nights. I took various tonics prescribed by physicians, but their effects were off shortly after I stopped taking them. My food did not seem to nourish me and I gained no flesh nor blood."

"Reading of Grape-Nuts, I determined to stop the tonics and see what a change of diet would do. I ate Grape-Nuts four times a day with cream and drank milk also, went to bed early after eating a dish of Grape-Nuts before going to sleep."

"In about two weeks I was sleeping soundly. In a short time I gained 20 pounds in weight and felt like a different woman. My little daughter who I was obliged to keep out of bed on account of chronic catarrh, had sprung from a thin, pale, nervous child to a rosy, healthy girl, and had gone back to school this fall. "Grape-Nuts and fresh air were the only agents used to accomplish this happy result." Thereafter, the mother gave her baby a dish of Grape-Nuts, Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Rhymes for To-Day

OLD DAYS IN WINNIPEG.

I KNEW a girl in Winnipeg,
 And when my birthday came,
 She gave me a wooden leg,
 And I still have the same.

When Christmas came, with due regard
 To what I owed for that,
 I wrapped and mailed her with my card
 A red switch and a rat.

But in my sock, all else beneath,
 I found that morbid, in bed,
 A pair of porcelain stone-teeth,
 As she was still ahead.

I took the gift without demur,
 And planned a small surprise;
 And on my birthday sent to her
 A pair of pink glass-eyes.

That girl cared little what she'd
 spend—
 She wrote next Christmas week:
 "I think you need it, so I send
 An artificial cheek!"

And thus through many years, I wis,
 We chose our presents well—
 And how I came to think of this
 I really cannot tell. H. S. H.

MERELY JOKING.

Not Born There.
 A Washington man, whose business had brought him to New York, took a run not long ago into Connecticut, where he had lived in his childhood.

In the place where he was born he accounted a venerable old chap, of some eighty years, and he asked him to give him the Washingtonian sought to answer certain inquiries concerning the place. As the conversation proceeded the Washington man said:

"I suppose you have always lived around here."
 "Oh, no," said the native. "I was born two good miles from here."—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

Defensive Music.
 "I had to drown the yelling of the baby in the first place," said a mother. "This is a new style of music was born to the world."—New York Sun.

Truly Liberal.
 Professional Pastor: "I should like to undertake a fast of four weeks in this town. How much will you pay me?"
 Sheppard: "I can't give you any salary, but I will pay for your keep."—Elegance Biweekly.

Could Really Believe It.
 An old country gentleman returning home late, discovered a yokel with a lantern in his kitchen window. When he asked his business there, stated he had only come a-courting. "Come a what?" said the old gentleman. "A-courting," said the young man. "It's a lie! What do you want a lantern for? I never used one when I was a young man." "I was a-courting a yokel's reply," "I didn't think yer 'ad, judging by the mistle."—The Argonaut.

REPLYING TO OURS OF RECENT DATE.
 THE Richmond Times-Dispatch regrets like Old Virginia, that not enough legislators have been elected to represent the people of this State. We go to the balance of the country seems to be bearing up under the strain, but we are sorry to hear that the Herald-Courier.

The best Georgia poets, we believe, now have their thoughts expressed to them—from Chattanooga—Richmond Times-Dispatch. Not at all, these in the wide grass region get their inspiration, we understand, from Jacksonville, Fla., and tramp steamers—Chattanooga Times.

The Richmond Times-Dispatch hoots at the idea of Bryan withdrawing; it says he has withdrawn as all it will do before 1912, and perhaps not before the year 1916.—Knoxville Tribune.

"The best answer that a brave gentleman can give to a blustering coward is to silence him by a better man."—Richmond Times-Dispatch. Respectfully referred to the Richmond Times-Dispatch, with the compliments of the Initiative Spirit Union—Washington Herald.

Of course, old Virginia would not tolerate for one moment the rowdy, rantanorous and oftentimes rickard legislators which so truly represent the voters of the old slave States.—Richmond Times-Dispatch. Of course, our Richmond contemporary could give to a blustering coward is to silence him by a better man. Such a statement in the "Initiative Spirit" of Maryland State has been ever been able to boast of serving a purpose, or more velvet-footed of lawmakers than is now assembled at Annapolis.—Baltimore News.

Speaker Byrd, of the House, has made a ruling which, according to the Richmond Times-Dispatch, practically prevents extension of the session of the General Assembly, as they have heretofore been accustomed to do with the greatest freedom. We congratulate Mr. Byrd on the ruling, and agree with The Times-Dispatch that the Senate would do well to follow suit. In this case the House sets an example for the Senate to set an example for the House.—Norfolk Landmark.

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